

THE SONG OF THE
YELLOWSTONE



BY
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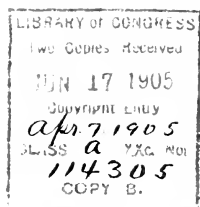
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By
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THE SONG OF THE YELLOW STONE

I.



ING, O muse! happy lays,
 And inspire fitting praise
 Of great "Yellow Stone Park,"
 Lead my versified bark
 O'er the channel of thought
 To the wonderland sought
 Should you highly applaud
 The scenes witnessed abroad,
 Still preserved in their old
 Strong primordial mould;
 And the notes of your song
 Swell harmoniously along;
 Your best praise would amount
 To the tamest account
 Of great "Yellow Stone's" worth
 O'er all scenes of the earth.
 Call your visions to mind!
 Grand in form and in kind,
 Of Lakes, Rivers and Streams,
 Mountains — realized dreams;
 Nature's splendors sublime
 Of each country and clime;
 And without any peer
 On this known mundane sphere

Stands, the glorious mark :
Our "National Park."
Place with consummate tact
In that area compact
Of three thousand miles square
Ev'ry specimen fair
Of the world's leading views
And their multiform hues ;
Not a soul will suspect
Their inspiring effect,
Till in endless surprise
It is thrown on his eyes,
With its beautiful charms
And its sudden alarms.

2.

The best entrance, no doubt,
May be reached by the route
Of well merited fame
"North Pacific" by name.
From its main line is spun
A fair sixty miles' run.
You leave "Livingston" bright
In the clear morning light ;
For quaint "Gardiner" town,
Of Park entrance renown.
At a reasonable fare
A fine Pullman will care
For your comfort and ease,
And you go when you please.

A slight inkling of things,
Which the "Wonderland" bring,
In majestic review,
Is en-route given you.

3.

A fit preface per rail
Is the old Indian trail
 Passing "Devil's Slide" peak
 To the depot unique,
Which in quaint rustic style
Holds attention the while
 Expectation runs high,
 When the keen strolling eye
Spies the beautiful arch,
Which records the swift march
 Of our civilized aims.
 Its inscription proclaims,
What a patriot's heart
Desired here to impart:
 "For the benefit of
 Our people" (we love)
"And enjoyment for all
Was erected this wall."
 Such was Roosevelt's tone,
 When the brown lava stone
Was devoted by him
As a grand sculptured hymn
 To our country; a praise
 Now, and all future days.

4.

All the tourists were glad,
 When they learned that they had
 But a short time to wait
 Near this arched entrance gate.
 For already in line
 From the mountain decline
 Rushed six fiery bays,
 Then six even matched grays,
 And six coal black in line
 Drew their coaches up fine.
 Ev'ry passenger hied
 To the stages and spied
 Soon his favorite seat,
 And his joy was complete,
 When the baggage was stowed
 With the rest of the load.
 "All aboard" was the word.
 "Hold fast" scarcely was heard;
 And the horses, they danced
 And impatiently pranced.
 Up the mountain we went
 On a pleasure trip bent.

5.

From the crags and the crest,
 Where the eagles find rest;
 The perpetual snow
 Cools its waters below.

From precipitous height
Crystal streamlets alight,
 And in madness rush by
 Massive rocks to defy.
Roaring, rising, they swell,
Seeming anxious to tell
 All the wonderful things
 To be seen at the "Springs."
U. S. cavalry leads
The proud high-stepping steeds,
 Patrols, guards in relays
 Our advance and our stays,
And gives splendid escort
To the "Yellow Stone" fort.

6.

After lunch and a rest,
Ev'ry strenuous guest,
 For sight-seeing arrayed,
 Came forth,—no one delayed.
Evening suits are desired
And for socials required
 In the foyer and halls,
 For games, music and balls.
Plain suits answer the bill,
Good for rambling at will.
 Get thick soles for the feet,
 Or else moccasins neat.
Cow-boy hat for the head,
Or some shading instead.

Unless vision be strong,
Take blue spectacles along.
Since umbrellas are spurned,
We to overcoats turned;
Or some other good wraps.
A camera perhaps;
Veils with ladies' attire
(And no styles to admire)
Make the outfit complete.

7.

All were happy to meet
Our tried versatile guide,
Who now pointed with pride
To that glistening spot
"Mammoth Springs" always hot,
Whose font ceaselessly steams
In bright myriads of streams.
(Webs of delicate thread,
O'er the area spread.)
Well curved terraces trace
Architectural grace.
Models, carved by the hand
Of true nature, here stand
On the sloping hillside,
Where rich colors abide.
A brown chocolate hue
Streaked with yellowish blue,
Laced with orange and white,
Gray tints, darkened and light,

In a sulphurous plaid
With pearls thickly inlaid.
Thus enchantingly gay,
'Mid this color display,
Glide the silver cascades,
Singing love serenades
To the reigning fair queen
Of that beautiful scene.
See; the frolicsome rills,
Charming living idylls,
Just like preachers of grace
"Pulpit Terrace" embrace,
From whose sculptured outline
Of artistic design
They respectfully bow,
Preach a sermon on "How
We should everywhere
Praise God's fatherly care."
And their touching appeal
Stirs the audience to feel
God's omnipotent power,
In that grand solemn hour.
Thence they silently stream
Barren lands to redeem,
And great blessings bestow
On the acres below.

8.

Let us go to the source,
Upwards wend our course;

Climb that structure unique
Of mosaic antique.
Around high terraced walls,
Over which gently falls
The clear water, and spreads
Its thin mantle in shreds
Of enameled bright glass.
Let us carefully pass;
'Tis a difficult climb
On deposits of lime,
Iron, sulphur, and clean
Glaring white travertine.
There's no danger to fear,
Yet, small currents appear
In shape, manner and mode
Serpentine, and forbode
No good; hissing hot wrath
On their dubious path.
The crust hollow but firm,
Makes the traveler squirm
At times; fearing a break,
Or a fall, by mistake.
Thus, we stepping with care,
Breathing sulphurous air
With a vigorous puff,
Reach the coveted bluff.

9.

From here patches are seen
Of Alfalfa's sweet green,

In the valley's expanse,
Where young buffaloes dance,
And the black-tailed deer
Graze unconscious of fear.
Where elks roam without care,
And the clumsy old bear
With his growling old mate
Will go early and late,
Near the public hotel,
And are fattened up well.
The hotel to the left
In that widening cleft,
See how cheerful it looks!
In those fairy-like nooks,
Where the mountains expose
Its sweet sylvan repose.
Well built, airy and long,
It stands bidding the throng
Of sight-seers to share
Its kind hospitable care.

10.

Yonder's "Yellow Stone" fort
Perched in pleasure's resort.
A camp artfully planned,
Also carefully manned.
Little gem of the place,
With its smiling clean face.
And each edifice neat
For a homely retreat,

Most invitingly sends
A kind welcome to friends.
 Yet a guardian's care
 Keeps the cavalry there,
Always riding about
On the sharpest lookout,
 At the Government's call:
 "Give protection to all.
Hoist old glory on high,
Let the dear emblem fly!"
 It proclaims the good news
 To the journeying crews:
"All my proteges here
Shall have nothing to fear.
 Men from every land
 Grasp my strong friendly hand!
Enjoy 'Yellow Stone' Park,
And the national spark
 Of a just and fair mind,
 Will enlighten mankind!"

II.

See, across the deep vale
That decrepit and stale
 Building. Off to the rear
 A few cannons appear.
That old ramshackle frame
Bears a well honored name.
 That fort guarded the lands,
 When fierce Indian bands

In Eighteen Seventy-Eight,
Flushed by Custer's sad fate,
 Made their final attack ;
 But compelled to go back,
They were forced from the land
By brave Howard's command.
 In the carnage they fell,
 And their bloodthirsty yell
Closed forever the fight ;
Now there's peace on that height.
 Mountain sheep now espouse
 Silent peace, as they browse.

12.

The last red men are said
To have hastily fled,
 When an Indian fell
 In yon seething hot well,
Almost hidden by dense
Clouds of steam rising thence,
 Which the fair changing breeze
 Will soon sportively seize ;
Anon, Eastwardly veer,
And the view will be clear.
 The guide going ahead
 Picked the way, and then said :
"For your comfort and ease
Follow me, if you please ;
 For all over the grounds
 Boiling water abounds."

Those more venturesome sought
Ways their own, and were caught
And detained for a while
On some treacherous isle.
And the merry good laugh,
Like the streams o'er the path,
Gurgled loudly and fast;
Until safely at last
We stood right on the brink
Of that terrible sink;
There still bubbling to-day,
As for centuries it may
Have boiled old mother earth
In a hideous mirth.

13.

If a hundred feet round
Tank were sunk in the ground,
An artesian well
To depths no one could tell,
And by slow, even waves
It would draw from the caves
Beneath, water and gas
An astonishing mass,
That flowed level and trim
O'er the beautiful brim
Of fine mineral lace,
With an exquisite grace,
As most gently each drop
Left "Dame Nature's" workshop.

It would give you a hint
Of that bottomless mint,
Wherein treasures untold,
In the underground mould
Are mixed, melted and drawn
By the generous faun,
And unstintingly spread
O'er the land of the dead.

14.

Just a few feet away
Is another display,
And the wonder may grow,
How that fountain can throw
From its orifice bright,
In prismatic delight,
Such cool water and clear,
With the boiling well near.
Its large volume and size,
Steady fall and its rise
Are the same as the first,
Only minus the burst
Of the high degree heat,
But cool, temptingly sweet.

15.

To our rear the white ground
Rises mound upon mound ;

Pains the eyes, as you go ;
The top capped by the snow
Has a belt of dark green,
Where the woodland is seen.
Many views on this climb
Repay labor and time ;
But you'll never forget
The unique parapet
In Minerva's domain
Of pure white without stain.
Marbled draperies hide
Caves, where lovers abide.
Onyx, crystallized stones,
Form their petrified bones.

16.

Leaving fairy and imp,
Down the terrace we limp,
Passing many a gap,
We spy "Liberty Cap,"
A high sequestered rock,
Which some powerful shock
Tore away from the hill ;
It flouts openly still
Self-reliance this hour
At tyrannical power.
Well the Cap suits the thought,
For thus freedom was bought.
Independence is ours
From all absolute powers.

Being tired and worn,
 We took rest until morn,
 And then early and bright,
 To make sure all was right
 For our forty mile tour,
 We prepared to endure
 The imagined hard knocks
 O'er expected rough rocks.
 The veranda was lined
 With a people refined
 At the hour of eight,
 Who in friendly debate
 Chose their parties of nine ;
 Since the social twine
 Is not woven in haste,
 But by genial taste.
 Thus we hailed the approach
 Of the comfortable coach ;
 Sturdy coachmen at will
 Showed conspicuous skill
 In controlling each steed
 At an equalized speed ;
 They were lustily cheered,
 As they gracefully steered
 Their two spans in a prance
 With their cool nonchalance.
 Seven coaches were filled,
 And by waiters well drilled,

Bundles, baggage and truck
Were placed. When the hour struck,
Alert drivers again
Grasped the tightening rein.

18.

A sharp twitch of their lips,
A slight swish of their whips,
Made the horses pull out,
And soon fairly en-route
We passed yesterday's view,
Still refreshingly new,
And rolled smoothly along,
Tuned to Nature's sweet song.
Yes; loud paeans and odes
To these well preserved roads
In grand chorus shall swell,
Our Government to tell
What most praiseworthy deeds
For all citizens' needs
It accomplished right here,
In maintaining each year
The great park and its roads,
And its handsome abodes.
For the sums it expends
And protection it lends
On the hundreds of miles,
Passing narrow defiles
Over steepest incline,
And through forests of pine,

Near the swamps and the falls
And most dangerous walls.

19.

With pathological thanks
We are scaling the banks
 Of a precipice rough,
 With just barely enough
Space, up there in the sky,
Where to safely pass by,
 There was built a strong bridge
 Of cement, on the ridge.
It is named "Golden Gate" ;
Alone genius great
 Could such issue impart
 To the Engineer's art
And mechanical skill.
We look motionless still
 From the high balustrade
 On the rolling cascade.

20.

After viewing this spot
With the kodak's last shot
 We re-enter the coach.
 By a twisted approach
Reach the "Silver Gate" nigh.
The fine roadbed leads high

Over narrow extremes
Our mountain-trained teams
To a land of surprise,
Where the rocks seem to rise
 From the depths of their graves,
 Like old Indian braves.
Rocks, that once were the crown
Of huge hills crumbled down,
 Are now called the "Hoodoos,"
 Which demure prison crews,
Crouching lowly for miles,
Seem intent on their wiles.

21.

High Mount "Sepulchre" now
Shows its cold confined brow,
 While "Electrical Peak"
 Tries new life to bespeak.
The "Obsidian Cliff,"
As a monitor stiff,
 Points to fiery zones,
 With its high glazed cones,
When the sun fairly shines
On its basaltic lines.
 One grand crystallized lump,
 By some volcanic jump
It came playfully at birth
On the theater of earth.
 Several hundred feet high,
 Its rocks towering defy

The storm, weather and sun,
But large crevices run
 To deep rents on its face.
 Though an object of grace
From afar, yet when near
A dark, cynic, cold leer
 From the deep wrinkled frown
 Stares your joyfulness down.
The brow hangs o'er the way
In presumptive decay.
 Emblematic deceit,
 So alluring and sweet
On its surface to view,
Yet its inwardness true
 Is naught else than mere spite
 Of some mischievous wight.

22.

Aboriginal tribes,
So the story describes,
 Sought material here
 For their weapons austere,
When in days long ago
The crude arrow and bow
 And the tomahawk bore
 Savage traces of gore.
Ev'ry lady and gent
Tried with eager intent
 To get curios rare
 While sojourning there,

But no sprig, nor a stone
Might they pick up to own,
Nor a particle loose
Gather in for their use,
Save a piece of this glass
From the straggling dark mass.

23.

Next comes "Beaver Lake" dam,
A three-quarter mile jam
Of mud, splinters and grass,
One extensive morass.
By the beaver's own trade
'Twas instinctively laid ;—
This result of their skill
And harmonious will.
These strange animals build
Like the carpenter guild,
But instead of the saws
Use their teeth and their jaws ;
They apply the adobe
In original mode —
Plaster tight all the cracks
With their tails and their backs.
Since the modernized coach
Makes its rumbling approach
To their plain, quiet homes,
And the traveler roams
There, with bold searching mien,
They are leaving the scene

"Twin Lakes" are now seen ;
 One sky-blue, one light green.
 Straight, distinctly cut lines
 Mark the color confines,
 Yet they form but one lake,
 And apparently take
 Their abundant supplies
 From the same springs and skies
 By the fair forest's side
 Lovely ; on the divide.
 The "Atlantic" is fed
 By one ; the other has shed
 Its streams many a year
 To the "Pacific" near.

Of the numerous things,
 The cool mineral springs
 Are quite worthy of note.
 The unanimous vote
 Has pronounced them a pure,
 Pleasant, wholesome and sure
 Antidote, curing ills
 Without nauseating pills.
 Ask your druggist to test
 His own popular best
 "Sparkling Draught" he prepares.
 It by no means compares

With this native compound,
Flowing fresh from the ground.
 "Iron Water Springs," too,
 Yield by nature a true
Tonic, flowing their flood
To replenish thin blood.
 By the Government laws
 Speculation's sharp claws
Can not handle a drop ;
You're invited to stop
 And for pleasure's sweet sake,
 Here at all times to take
Freely any amount
On your private account.

26.

After pleasant delays
We strike burdensome ways,
 Which, enjoyable too,
 Are described in one view.
No planned order is laid,
The attention is paid
 To the general contour
 Of the following tour,
Which quite anxious to learn,
No adventure we spurn.
 Casualty may
 Bring us cheer or dismay,
As our fortune wheels trend
On the roads' crooked bend.

With their usual care
Drivers skillfully dare,
On these corkscrew-like curves,
Test their steadiest nerves,
And land safely their load
By an inch of the road.
Quick pulsation starts
In the bravest of hearts,
On the issue intent
Of this stirring descent.
Soon all fear is allayed;
We are quietly swayed
By the features around
As we cover the ground.

27.

Now the air becomes filled
With all kinds of distilled
Combinations of smell,
Which unerringly tell
That the basin is near.
We proceed with a cheer,
Interchanged with a scare,
Which all furtively share
On the crested outline
Of the verging decline.
Qualms of heat on the void
Vegetation destroyed,
Check the hastening approach
Of our quaint looking coach.

Springs of "Frying Pan" fame
Bear the Devil's own name;
While thus speaking the word
"Thunder Mountain" is heard.
 "Norris Station" ahead,
 Snugly warmed by a bed
Of great geysers, and all
A perpetual squall.
 Obscure rumblings grow plain;
 Ragged edges explain
The upheavals of yore
We have come to explore.
 Earth's prime wonders to see,
 We halt cautiously;
Nearly blinding to sight
Are the miles of the white
 Crusted chemical mass
 We now nervously pass;
So uncanny and weird
And so frightfully bleared
 Is the ominous space
 In volcanic embrace,
That with tremor we gaze
On this wonderful maze
 Of both fountain and shower.
 'Tis Inferno's heat power,
A grand moving display
Of great torrents at play,
 And from deepest abyss
 It emits a sharp hiss.

With a shuddering thrill
One stands, breathless and still,
 O'ercome by the spell
 At this picture of hell,
Where mad goblins below,
Clasped in shackles of woe,
 In one hideous whir
 So convulsively stir.
Borne on sulphurous air,
Their wild shrieks of despair
 Throw their echoes around,
 A loud, harrowing sound.

28.

Hear! they fume and they rage
In their perilous cage,
 And belch forth a great stream
 Of hot water and steam;
At times straight as a die,
As if heaven to defy,
 Then curved lowly to earth,
 Quite ashamed of their mirth;
Since, soon conquered, they must
Bow down humbled to dust;
 They fall back to their doom
 In the dark, dismal tomb.
Phantom funeral shrouds
Rise, alarming the clouds;
 Massive volumes of spray
 Fleeing nimbly away,

Which when touched by the sun
Into rainbows are spun.

29.

Sacred story of old
Speaks of Lucifer bold,
 Who God's equal would be
 In that fatal melee,
When he, proud of his sway,
Led his minions astray,
 And dared claim as his own
 The Omnipotent's throne.
Him Saint Michael did face
With his Angels of grace,
 And with God's help equipped,
 The proud cohorts outstripped.
In a moment of thought
The great battle was fought;
 From bright Heaven they fell
 Swift as lightning, pell-mell.
Chaos trembling in space
Stamped the hideous trace
 On our globe; and the clews
 Musing fancy here views.
Demure ghosts in defile
Trace the place of exile,
 Pallid corpses of woe
 Guard the captives below.
Far off, mustered in line,
Angel monuments shine,

Nature's beautiful smile
Standing guard all the while,
And from sun-bathéd tiers
Ring victorious cheers ;
Telling witnesses they
In one image portray
In minutest detail
On both mountain and vale
The great struggle of old
Here with emphasis told.

30.

Gruesome here ; pleasant there ;
Contrast everywhere.
Here bewildering care ;
Angels beckoning there.
Here the geysers' hot pool ;
There the rivulets cool.
Here the boisterous noise ;
There sweet quietude's joys.
Here all wrapped in the cares
Of continual scares ;
There in liberty's air,
Casting off every care,
You walk gayly among
Nature's melody song.
Here the bleachéd expanse ;
There the woodland romance.
Here the anarchist's trail ;
There law and order prevail.

Here charred trunks and debris;
There the evergreen tree.
Here the coated remains;
There the flowery plains.
Here the cavernous flue;
There bright vistas of blue.
Here forbidding dark cells;
There the welcome hotels.
Here the senses are dulled;
There harmoniously lulled.

31.

Still in good humored mood
In the high altitude,
Which at seven to eight
(Or more) thousand feet rate,
Gives invigorating air
And an appetite fair,
We push forward our way,
Dusty, warm, but still gay.
"Gibbon Valley" and falls
With its cañon enthralls
The soul; thus we roll on
And soon enter upon
"Fire-hole" river, a bright,
Clear, picturesque sight.
At night, fountain hotel
Housed exceedingly well
Our crowd. It is built
On grounds, which like a quilt

All disfigured and torn,
Are spread weirdly forlorn
In a geyser's hot sphere,
By all odds more severe
Than the places we last
So admiringly passed.

32.

Two great scenes of the park
Are well worth the remark.
Many people prefer,
As they frankly aver,
The sleek paint-pot's strange muss,
Or the mud-geyser's fuss,
To the steam and the spray
In which geysers must play.
The mud-geyser is fierce,
Grinding, slashing, to pierce
Through all bounds of restraint,
While the paint-pots are faint,
As they boil in a slow
Way, their colors aglow.
Here are paint-pots of mud —
Circles, forming a stud
Of rare colors; and set
On the cap of the wet
Landscape, may be seen
With an interest most keen.
The mud boiling like mush,
Flour paste, or thick slush,

In rose, pink and light grays
Sends its moisture in rays,
Seeping over the rim,
Down the face of a grim
Looking hillside of stubs
And disqualified shrubs.
Here the bears have their home,
Unmolested they roam;
And according to rank
And size, quietly flank
The dark bordering line
Of woods, ready to dine.

33.

The next morning found all
Well prepared for the call
Other wonders to see
Of a varying degree.
Numbering thousands in all,
It is hard to recall
Each imposing new sight
By its name or its right
Of a specialty mark
On the face of the park.
There's the "Hurricane" old,
The "New Crater" so bold;
Then the "Monarch's" deep pool
And the "Constant's" fair rule.
Then the "Devil's Inkstand,"
And the "Congress Springs" band;

The "Prismatic Lake's" treat,
The "Excelsior's" great feat.
 "Fountain," "Clepsydra" hot,
 And the "Mammoth Paint Pot" ;
"White Dome," "Great Fountain's" life,
The "Black Warrior's" strife.

 While some kept us amused,
 Others flatly refused
To exhibit their force,
Stubborn, they, to the source
 Of eruption withdrew.
 It was awful to view
These great monsters asleep
In the caves of the deep,
 Whose walls, rock-ribbed and worn,
 Showed the strain they had borne.

34.

Ever onward we ride
Up and down on the side
 Of the mountain's ravine,
 Till "Old Faithful" is seen.
A prolific supply
Of fonts, squirting up high,
 And lakes, pools and long strings
 Of ebullient springs,
In succession appear.
Day of Judgment seems near.
 "Giants," "Lion," and his mate,
 Their "Cubs," "Splendid," so great ;

"Grotto," "Grand," of renown,
 "Comet," "Castle" with frown;
 "Mortar," "Sawmill" and "Fan,"
 "Punch Bowl," drink if you can.
 "Jewel" and the "Cascade,"
 "Turban" properly made.
 "Economic" and "Sponge,"
 And "Surprise" in a lunge.
 Then strange "Riverside," too,
 And "Old Faithful," the true;
 "Sunset," "Emerald" pool,
 "Biscuit," "Blacksand" so cool.
 "Artemesia" alive,
 "Oblong," "Daisy," "Beehive."

35.

If a natural hive
 For enlargement would strive
 To ten times its full size,
 And by sudden surprise
 Like a geyser would act,
 'Twould be this one intact.
 "Morning Glory Springs" bright,
 Form a well of delight.
 Bear this flower in view,
 Then suppose it still grew
 In size, fifty feet round;
 Dig its form in the ground
 And be sure to imprint
 Its own loveliest tint

On the walls of the hole ; —
Then your velvety bowl,
Filled with water, that's clear,
Will resemble this here.
All the fountains and wells
Work in different spells ;
Some do comical freaks
At times, resting for weeks ;
Others daily appear.
Few perform once a year,
Like tragedians sublime ;
Some keep accurate time ;
But of all in the stew,
Grand "Old Faithful" is true
To his friends ; there's no fail
Of his hourly tale
Ev'ry day and at night
In the glaring searchlight
Of the "Old Faithful" inn,
Season out, season in.

36.

The hotel is a fine
Home of "Yellow Stone" pine.
Massive logs with their bark,
As they grew in the park,
Were hewn — set into place
As style, beauty or space
Required thickness or length,
Or a suitable strength.

Limbs in similar style
Were cut, fitting the pile,
 That presents, miles away,
 A grand rustic display.
Twigs and branches and root
Were selected to suit.
 Portal, bannister, hall,
 Chairs, fixtures, the wall,
Windows, gable and flume,
Aisles, the walls of each room,
 Raw materials adorn
 Them ; by plans, genius born,
Of architecture technique,
Rustic, pleasing, unique,
 Of original design
 In a country of pine.

37.

An odd feature there, too,
Is the chimney and flue ;
 As in days long ago,
 Burning logs sprightly throw
Their warm rays over those
Who come nestling up close
 When a rest is desired,
 Feeling chilly and tired.
In the evening great sport
Filled the quiet resort.
 A Missourian born
 Deftly cracked the pop-corn,

And the merry jokes dropped
As the pop-corn was popped,
 And the order went out
 To all children about
To enjoy the hot meal;
Then the crowd did appeal.
 Both the young and the old
 Were real children, all told.

38.

What here pleases one most
Is the genial host,
 One old "Larry" by name,
 And of national fame;
His quick sallies of wit
Have the genuine grit,
 Are a gentleman's fun
 And insulting to none.
Flying humorous things,
His jokes scatter no stings.
 Like the wasp or the bee;
 Resemble tips of the flea,
Whose fine work is concealed
And is easily healed.
 One good story he spun
 Of a nobleman's son,
Whose inflated conceit
Thought the rule to defeat
 Of each going in line
 To the tables to dine.

This great scion averred
It had never been heard
 That a man of his tone
 Should not dine all alone ;
That he hated a crowd,
And hence must be allowed
 The first privilege, you know,
 Being Count "So and so."
Such claims nettled the rest ;
No American guest
 Yields his fairly won race
 In the scramble for place
At this stage of the game.
Only ladies may claim
 To have preference shown,
 A "Magna Charta" of their own.
On equality's plan
There's no privileged man.
 To men serving the State
 In Congressional debate,
To diplomacy's star,
To the heroes of war,
 To executive lights,
 Who from Government heights
Keep law's order intact ;
To all genius in fact,
 To all people of note,
 By unanimous vote
Great distinction is shown ;
A respect of their own

Held by courteous men,
But not for Counts of "N. N."
Disappointed, he took
One long monacled look
At the people; then bent
On dire vengeance he went
To the host of the place,
Wild rage flushing his face,
Sought a speedy redress
For the slighted noblesse,
Raised his quivering hand
And said: "Please understand
I'm a Count, much abused!"
A Count; Larry now mused:
"You count only for one,
That is all can be done;
If you count on a lunch,
Please, sir, go with the bunch."

39.

The next morning we took
The last lingering look
At "Old Faithful's" display,
And then pleased, went away.
Twice we passed on the ride
The "Continental Divide,"
"Craig Pass," "Shoshone Point" view,
And the "Lake Shore Springs" too;
All instructive and fine.
(Mammoth trees on our line.)

Our teams, somewhat fagged,
At intervals lagged.
There's a company code
For the manner and mode
By which drivers must act.
It requires good tact
To keep from the first start
Certain distance apart
From the coach just ahead;
For there's always a dread
Of an accident here,
Should the road not be clear.
Not a curse word was heard.
An impatient word
And the crack of the lash
Gave new vigor and dash.

40.

Safely thus we bowled on,
At noon lighted upon
"Thumb Lunch Station," a place
Where a spirited race
For lunch daily occurs.
The pure mountain air spurs
Such competitive feat
To get something to eat.
And the prize is soon won
By contestants; not one
Need complain of the deal,
As he meets his square meal,

Quickly served in its course
By the skilled waiting force.

41.

As per schedule the tour
After lunch gives an hour
 To admire and inspect
 The fine scenic effect
As the waters expand
In the shape of a hand;
 The great thumb forms the bend,
 To which distance doth lend
Sweet enchantment in view
Of the indigo blue,
 As it gradually melts
 In the higher air belts,
Into azure and bright
Revelations of light.
 They who tell you and sigh,
 "Go to Naples and die,"
Tarry, silent and dumb,
On the banks of the "Thumb."
 If kind Nature's display
 Brought no serious dismay
With pale death in its train
In a foreign domain;
 Some sweet ecstasy will
 Hold them thoughtfully still
Just for beauty's own sake
At the "Yellow Stone" lake.

'Tis a mirror, forsooth,
 That reflects the plain truth,
 As the mountains of faith
 Here their images bathe,
 And the heavenly sky,
 Whose submerged effigy
 Bids your deep-sunken hope
 To rise, no more to grope
 In the shadows below ;
 Let encouragement grow
 And ascend to skies blue,
 And all efforts renew ;
 Fair glass, placid and grand,
 Whose soft waves greet the land,
 Where pure smiles from above
 Breathe fond zephyrs of love,
 'Tis a message to earth
 By Olympus' girth
 Clasped exceedingly bright,
 This enchanting delight.
 In the whole world there is
 But one higher than this,
 Though in shape none excels
 Our lake as it swells
 In pride over the land,
 Like a generous hand,
 Wherein nature did trace
 A great country's good grace.

It yields every sort
Of amusement and sport.
 Quite renowned for its fish,
 A fresh, savory dish.
If to angling inclined,
It is here you will find
 Opportunity fine
 For the rod, hook and line.
You may either employ
A real bait or decoy,
 Or a minnow or fly,
 Or a grasshopper spry,
You try catch all you can ;
No defined legal plan
 Will conflict to arrest
 Piscatorial zest.

43.

It is well to remark
That throughout the great park,
 Though the fisherman may
 Ply his art any day,
Yet no hunting is done
With the trap or the gun ;
 Uncle Sam well protects
 The park ; daily inspects
Its environs and scene
To preserve them a clean
 Work of nature's display ;
 Just improving the way,

Where safe travel and rest
May please tourists the best.

44.

Our time has expired ;
We have amply admired
 The attractions of note.
 Lovely pools, I might quote,
And fine "Paint Pots" around.
Also geysers abound,
 With their usual muss,
 But without fire and fuss.
The good steeds after rest
Now appeared to request
 By their hurried approach
 That we move to the coach ;
Their sharp instinct has learned
That now homeward they turned.
 A fine steamer awaits,
 Its proportion and rates
Of the passenger crew,
Who in doubt what to do
 Leave their suffrage prevail
 For a ride or a sail.
The strong vessel was bought
In small pieces and brought
 By rail, wagon and teams
 To the lake, where the beams
Were joined, fitting each line
Of the ship by design

Until all was complete
To steer safely and fleet.
A new ship is now made
In the forest's cool shade
Of a favorite dell,
Near the "Lake View" hotel.
The roads covered with dust,
And the changes (that must
Be made) scarcely begun,
Stamped the ride a hard one.
On this, or other pretense,
At an extra expense,
We were offered to take
The white swan of the lake.
Great inducements were shown,
While reflection was thrown
On the coach and the "horse,"
All for us to indorse.
Shall't be coaches or boat?
It was settled by vote.

45.

Our party of nine
Agreed all to decline
The boat; others there were
Who accepted the fare.
The real pleasure it lends
To be faithful as friends
All through thick and through thin
They neglected to win.

Our motto was plain :
Staunch friends to remain,
 And let come what there may,
 We'll join fortunes and stay
In the coach, as before,
Drawn by "our Big Four."
 So through all the gray dust
 Not a darkening gust
Of discouraging care
Wafted in the warm air ;
 But right happy all day,
 And most courteously gay,
Amid laughter and song
We meandered along.
 "Lake Side's" yellow hotel
 Pleased us tolerably well.
All the servants and boss
Were preparing to cross
 O'er the dense timber land,
 Till next year to disband,
Except lake, fish and bear,
There was no specialty there.

46.

Without much incident
Quickly farther we went,
 To what some thought to be
 Best of all you could see ;
For "Grand Cañon" to do
Was our object in view.

A strange sight of the day
Was a snake on the way.
Of all whimsical streams,
Writhing "Snake River" seems
Queerest, wending its way
With a tedious delay ;
Quite reluctant to move
In its slime-covered groove,
Moving forward some rods,
It turns back at all odds
In delirious mood,
As if feeding the brood
Of young snakes in the grass ;
Paying tribute to pass.
The "Great Falls" being near,
It moves slowly from fear,
Like the gloom that lies low
Before thunder storms blow.

47.

Why the N. P. R. R.
Has adopted, at par,
As its emblem of note
This design so remote
It is hard to surmise.
From its own enterprise,
Which has carved a fine bed,
On which daily are sped
From the East to the West,
With good comfort and rest,

Men of every class,
And goods — tons shipped en-masse.
It may be to contrast
With the century past,
When with wearisome climb,
At much loss of his time,
The explorer must seek
His way over the peak
And the gulches, and pass
Forests, streams, and a mass
Of irregular piles
Of rock stretching for miles.

48.

But we will not delay
At the camps on the way.
Hear, the steeds slowly tread
Their pace. Lo, things to dread
Speak instinctively now
At the "Elephant's" brow,
With mysterious air
Bid us all enter there.
In that region of dreams
The Creator, it seems,
His great masterpiece drew
In one wonderful view.
By some heavenly hints
All the various tints
Were diffused on the sight
From abyss to sunlight.

Blending colors on stone,
That so wondrously shone
 In those awful ravines,
 Drew majestic scenes.
Rainbow arches ahead
O'er deep chasms were spread,
 Where the cataract fell,
 Sights no language can tell.
And no words can impart
The Almighty's fine art,
 Used in shaping this land,
 So tremendously grand ;
With all beautiful, too,
Grows the ravishing view
 To mortality's eye
 Spellbound rapturously.
Huge formations are cast,
Like veiled nuns of the past
 In procession adore
 Nature's God evermore,
Singing chorals of love,
Praise the Maker above
 Of that mystical shrine,
 Where all powers combine.

49.

Here the "Yellow Stone's" flood,
With a soul-stirring thud,
 By a marvelous force,
 In its turbulent course,

With a roar and a splash,
And a deafening clash,
 Runs wild over the walls,
 And with lightning speed falls
On vast columns, that bore
The shock centuries before ;
 And is churned into foam
 'Neath the nebulous dome,
Which spectral like looms
O'er the dead river's tombs ;
 Yet the stream is not dead.
 'Tis a silvery thread,
Through the cañon's dark space ;
Whose path you can trace
 By the turreted walls
 And the castle-formed halls,
By cathedrals and spire
An effulgence of fire
 In the glare of the sun,
 All a glorious One.

50.

The good friends whom we met
We shall never forget.
 Neither joys of the past
 Nor the present will last,
But in memory's fold
They shall often be told.
 All the kindness displayed
 On excursions we made

O'er mountain and dale
With fondness we hail.
 In the "Yellow Stone" Park
 The quick, humorous spark
Flashed so graciously bright
As a source of delight.
 May for years yet to come,
 Of all brightness the sum,
A sound, hearty, good laugh
Be our traveling staff
 On life's changeable ways
 Of success and delays.



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